

# THE TROY HERALD.

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TROY, . . . MISSOURI.

## Parallel Stories.

In the year 1400 Ginevra d' Amiera, a Florentine beauty, married, under parental pressure, a man who had failed to win her heart—that she had given to Antonio Rondinelli. Soon afterward the plague broke out in Florence, Ginevra fell ill, apparently succumbed to the malady, and being pronounced dead, she was the same day consigned to the family tomb. Some one, however, had blundered in the matter, for in the middle of the night the entombed bride awoke out of her trance, and, badly as her living relatives had behaved, found her dead ones still less to her liking, and lost no time in quitting the silent company upon whose quietude she had unwittingly intruded. Speeding through the sleep-wrapped streets as swiftly as her clinging garments allowed, Ginevra sought the home from which she had so lately been borne. Roused from his slumbers by a knocking at the door, the disconsolate widower of a day cautiously opened an upper window, and seeing a shrouded figure waiting below, in whose upturned face he recognized the lineaments of the dear departed, he cried, "Go in, peace, blessed spirit!" and shut the window precipitately. With sinking heart and slackened step the repulsed wife made her way to her father's door, to receive the like benison from her dismayed parent. Then she crawled on to an uncle's, where the door was indeed opened, but only to be slammed in her face by the frightened man, who, in his hurry, forgot even to bless his ghostly caller. The cool night air penetrating the undress of the hapless wanderer made her tremble and shiver, as she thought she had waked to life only to die again in the cruel streets. "Ah!" she sighed, "Antonio would not have proved so unkind." This thought naturally suggested it was her duty to test his love and courage; it would be true enough to die if he proved like the rest. The way was long, but hope renewed her limbs, and soon Ginevra was knocking timidly at Rondinelli's door. He opened it himself, and although startled by the ghastly vision, calmly inquired what the spirit wanted with him. Throwing her shroud away from her face, Ginevra exclaimed, "I am no spirit, Antonio; I am that Ginevra you once loved, who was buried yesterday—buried alive!" and fell senseless into the welcoming arms of her astonished, delighted lover, whose cries for help soon brought down his sympathizing family to hear the wondrous story, and bear its heroine to bed, to be tenderly tended until she had recovered from the shock, and was as beautiful as ever again. Then came the difficulty. Was Ginevra to return to the man who had buried her and shut his doors against her, or give herself to the man who had saved her from a second death? With such powerful special pleaders as love and gratitude on his side, of course Rondinelli won the day, and a private marriage made the lovers' amends for previous disappointment. They, however, had no intention of keeping in hiding, but the very first Sunday after they became man and wife appeared in public together at the cathedral, to the confusion and wonder of Ginevra's friends. An explanation ensued, which satisfied everybody except the lady's first husband, who insisted that nothing but her dying in genuine earnest could dissolve the original matrimonial bond. The case was referred to the bishop, who, having no precedent to curb his decision, rose superior to technicalities, and declared that the first husband had forfeited all right to Ginevra, and must pay over to Rondinelli the dowry he had received with her—a decree which we may be sure all true lovers in fair Florence heartily rejoiced.

This Italian romance of real life has its counterpart in a French *conte echore*, but the Gallic version unfortunately lacks names and dates; it differs, too, considerably in matters of detail. Instead of the lady being a supposed victim of the plague, which in the older story secured her hasty interment, she was supposed to have died of grief at being wedded against her inclination; instead of coming to life of her own accord, and seeking her lover as a last resort, the French heroine was taken out of her grave by her lover, who suspected she was not really dead, and resuscitated by his exertions, to flee with him to England. After living happily together there for ten years, the strangely united couple ventured to visit Paris, where the first husband accidentally meeting the lady, was struck by her resemblance to his dead wife, found out her abode, and finally claimed her for his own. When the case came for trial the second husband did not dispute the fact of identity, but pleaded that his rival had renounced all claim to the lady by ordering her to be buried without first making sure she was dead, and that she would have been dead and rotting in her grave if he had not resuscitated her. The court was saved the trouble of deciding the knotty point, for, seeing that it was likely to pronounce against them, the fond pair quietly slipped out of France, and found refuge in "a foreign clime, where their love continued sacred and entire till death conveyed them to those happy regions where love knows no end, and is confined within no limits." Of dead-alive ladies robbed, covetous of the rings upon their cold fingers, no less than seven stories, differing but slightly from each other, have been preserved; in one the scene is laid in Halifax, in another in Gloucestershire, in a third in Somersetshire, in the fourth in Drogheda, the remaining three being appropriated by as many towns in Germany.

## Five Persons Killed by Lightning.

The quintuple death blow given to a family residing on Swede Creek, recently, proved incorrect only as respects the name. It was not Augustus Lawson, as stated, but a Mr. Nohquist. At the time the storm came up he, with his wife, two children and father were in his new stone house. The wind disturbed the roof, entirely removing it, we believe, when the whole party took shelter in the barn. This was struck by lightning, and the father, husband, wife and two children were instantly killed. A near neighbor, Charles Lawson, passing from his house to his barn after the crash, to see if any damage had

been done, observed the fire bursting from Nohquist's barn. On arriving there he was unable to remove the bodies, which became partially consumed by the flames. The sad catastrophe occurred on the south fork of the creek, near the Randolph road, and in a southeast direction from town about ten miles.—Blue Rapids (Kansas) Times.

## Our Foreign Population.

In the introductory report on the ninth census, Superintendent Walker devotes a chapter to the causes which during the last decade retarded the national increase. Among these he attaches much importance to the adoption of habits of life in the Eastern and Middle States and Western cities which have a tendency to lessen the offspring from American parents. The demands of fashion, the increasing disposition of families to live in hotels and boarding houses, and the almost nomadic habits of a large portion of our population, doubtless do impede marriages and diminish the birth-rate. But if the increase of native American population is likely in the future to conform more and more nearly to the rate of older countries, there are yet no signs of decrease in the accessions to our population from European countries. The number of immigrants who arrived at Castle Garden last year was 202,933, and the number of arrivals since January indicate that the total for this year will hardly fall below the unusually large total for 1872. The attempts of the German Government to check emigration from that country have been in the main unavailing, while the exodus from England and Ireland, which no effort has been made to check, has of late been on the increase. The large area of unoccupied land in the West and Southwest which has already been opened up to the settler, and the area yet to be opened by the construction of railroads, will continue for many years to present strong attractions to the landless and poverty-stricken laborers of crowded European countries; and many who do not come in search of land will continue to exchange the exactions and the unremunerative toil of the old countries for the freer life and more profitable employment of the new.

The magnitude of European immigration to America has in the past been perhaps even greater than it is generally supposed to have been. The numerical increase in the population of the country from 1820 to 1870 was a little more than 7,000,000, of which number about 2,000,000, or nearly a third of the total increase, was due to immigration. In 1870 the number of foreign-born residents in the United States was 5,567,229, while of natives born of foreign parents the number was 9,731,845, making in all 15,302,074 foreign-born residents and children of foreign-born residents out of a total population of 38,558,371. In other words, nearly half the population of the country is composed of foreign-born residents and their descendants in the first generation. The enormous influence of this continued accession of population and wealth—for almost every immigrant brings with him a greater or less amount of accumulated capital—upon the industry and the development of the country is too patent to be readily overlooked. But the immigrant along with his money and his muscle brings also the characteristics of the countries from which he comes, and while he gradually loses many of these he also imparts many of them to the communities in which he settles.

This large infusion of foreign blood and manners has doubtless done much to destroy our homogeneity as a people. But the assimilative power of American institutions, and above all the fact that the bulk of the immigration has been of the same stock or of a kindred stock to that of the original settlers, has made this tendency much less active than it would have been under other circumstances. Each generation, of course, fuses the various elements into closer union. And as the English language has been enriched more largely than any other by the adoption of foreign words and idioms, our American ethnic and social characteristics must in the future present a greater richness and variety of coloring than of any other nation of the world.—N. Y. World.

## Jefferson's Poverty.

Mr. Jefferson's affairs did not mend, though he enjoyed the able and resolute assistance of his grandson and namesake, Thomas Jefferson Randolph; and he resolved, at length, to discharge the worst of his debts in the fashion of old Virginia, by selling a portion of his lands. But there was nobody to buy. Land sold in the usual way would not bring a third of its value; and consequently he petitioned the Legislature to relax the operation of the law so far as to allow him to dispose of some of his farms by lottery, as was frequently done when money was to be raised for a public object. The Legislature granted his request, though with some reluctance. But, in the meantime, it had been noised abroad, all over the Union, that the author of the Declaration of Independence was about to lose that far-famed Monticello, with which his name had been associated in the public mind for two generations, the abode of his prime and the refuge of his old age, a Mecca to the republicans of many lands. A feeling arose in all liberal minds that this must not be done, and, during the spring of 1826, the last of his years, subscriptions were made for his relief in several places. Philip Hone, mayor of New York, raised without an effort, as Mr. Randolph records, \$8,500; Philadelphia sent \$5,000 and Baltimore \$3,000. The lottery was suspended, and Mr. Jefferson's last days were soothed by the belief that the subscriptions would suffice to free his estate from debt, and secure home and independence to his daughter and her children. He was proud of the liberality of his countrymen, and proud to be its object. He who had refused to accept so much as a loan from the Legislature of his State, glorified in being the recipient of gifts from individuals. "No cent of this," said he, "is wrung from the taxpayer. It is the pure and unsolicited offering of love."—Mr. Parton in the Atlantic.

—Mr. James Parton has been employed by the War Department to arrange for publication the original papers of General Washington which have recently come into possession of the department. Among them is Washington's original order-book, used by him when in command of the army in the field.

—Edwin Landseer, the celebrated painter, died recently, aged 71.

## Idle Women.

In the busy world, and especially in this, which is supposed to be the busiest part of it, there is a large class of idlers. Of these the most consummate are women; not that they are naturally lazy, but are so made by the conventional forms and habits of society. Nature evidently designed woman for great activity. Her apprehension is quick, her emotions lively, and her body mobile. If she becomes the languid *odalisque* of the harem, whether of Turk or Christian, she suffers a change to which she is forced to yield by a violence that outrages her nature. She is turned into a morbid product not unlike the famous goose of Strasburg, which is made weak and tender by constraint, and fat by heat and overfeeding. Both, moreover, may be said to be perverted for the same purpose, the woman and goose being alike destined to tickle the palate of luxury.

The traveler who has watched the patient toilers of Europe in their ceaseless efforts to earn a scanty subsistence can testify to woman's capacity for work. Of the full day's labor in the field her share is by no means the least. She turns the furrow, guides the ox, fills the tree, digs, roots, sows, and harvests with a vigor and constancy that shame the man's less persistent labor, often rendered intermittent and desultory by frequent intervals of pipe-smoking and beer-drinking. In many parts of Europe the woman not only does her own especial duty of the household, but bears a large share of the labor that is ordinarily regarded as man's particular vocation. Instead of being called his better half, she is fairly entitled to be set down as a good three-fourths of him.

We do not mean to say that it is necessary for an American to go to Europe to find industrious women, but they are certainly more abundant there than here. Necessity occasionally makes woman in our country as elsewhere a hard worker, and there are wives and daughters, especially in the newly settled districts of the United States, whose energies are forced to a higher strain of nerve and muscle than the most severely tasked drudge of Europe. The bias of woman, however, everywhere with us is toward indolence. She feels that she is not in the enjoyment of her full privileges as an *American lady* until she has securely established her right to do nothing. Her aspiration is not toward a wider and more elevated scope of labor, which would be desirable and praiseworthy, but the fancied gentility of a fashionable idler.

We are far from wishing to restrict the natural ambition of women by the means of rising, whether innate or accidental, to the narrow limits of the cow-yard or kitchen. We are far from preaching the anti-democratic doctrine of once a scullion, always a scullion; but we do insist, with republican consistency, upon the equal obligation of labor. The coarsening effect of the rude work of many European women, the knotty muscularity of the figure, the dolitic visage, the hoarse voice, the horny hand, the masculine stride, and the flat, plumping foot may not be pleasant to the idealist of female grace to contemplate. With her health, rude though it may be, and contentment, stupid as some will regard it, the female drudge of Europe, however, might be envied by many a pampered creature of luxury. The pulpy form, the transparent complexion, the dwindled hands and tapering fingers, the pinched face, the languid gait and slumping expression, may be elements of female grace according to the conventional conception of woman's beauty, but they are purchased at a fearful price. Inactivity of mind and body is an indispensable part of the cost, and we need only allude to the weakness, nervous irritability, and disease which necessarily follow, with a useless life as the inevitable consequence. Worse than this, in fact, for of such poor stuff mothers must be occasionally made, and their self-inflicted misery entailed upon the innocent generations after them.

Among the prosperous classes in our country, among all those, in fact, whose means will admit of it, the prevailing practice is to bring up the girls to no other vocation than that of husband-catching. Finished, as it is called, at school, they are baited with all the varieties of fashionable flattery, and kept ready, tender and entreating, for the matrimonial palatte by careful avoidance of work and all preoccupation. If they succeed in getting married, they find enough to do, but prove themselves incapable of doing it; if they fail, they pine away in sickly maidenhood, objectless and hopeless, for they have mis ed their only aim in life. Intense preoccupation with marriage, and the disappointment which so frequently ensues, are the most common causes, as every doctor will admit, of the numerous ailments of lovely, listless, idle women.—Harper's Bazar.

## Monument to John Howard Payne.

The simple song of "Home, Sweet Home," is a cherished one to thousands of hearts, never failing to awaken tenderest thoughts of rest and peace, and turning the recollections of the wanderer back to the humble pleasures of his childhood's home. It seems peculiarly appropriate that in one of the most beautiful parks of our country this sweet poem and its author should have a shrine. The bronze bust of John Howard Payne, the poet and dramatist, was unveiled at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, on September 27, in the presence of many thousands of spectators. In connection with this ceremony there were addresses, music, and other appropriate exercises. The bust was designed by Mr. Henry J. Baerer, of New York, and cast at the fine-art foundry of Mr. Maurice J. Power. It is of colossal size, and, as a work of art, is highly praised. It is eleven feet from the pedestal to the head; the shaft is four-sided, slightly tapering to the top, and, if standing alone, he called an obelisk. On the shaft, in bronze letters, is the inscription, "John Howard Payne, author of *Home, Sweet Home*," and beneath is a line stating that the monument was presented to the city of Brooklyn by the Faust Club. The site chosen for the bust is the elevated ground on the right of the Farm House. This is an excellent position, as it commands a beautiful prospect, and is one of the most pleasant and frequented spots in the Park. John Howard Payne was born in the city of New York on June 9, 1792, and died at Tunis, April 7, 1852. When our country was in its infancy he devoted himself to literary and dramatic pursuits, with no other training than his primitive home afforded. Some of his sweetest

verses were written when he was only fourteen years of age. But he never knew what it was to have a home after he was thirteen years old, for about that period of his life his parents both died. Afterward he became a wanderer, entered upon the English stage, and finally died upon the distant shores of the Mediterranean. But it was while he was in London engaged in writing a drama, which was subsequently converted into an opera, that he composed the simple, touching song, "Home, Sweet Home."—Harper's Weekly.

## Fashion Notes.

—The fashionable umbrella is more attenuated than ever.

—White sealskin is a new fur which will be worn much.

—Monograms on note paper have gone completely out of fashion.

—Ladies' hats this season consist chiefly of two bows of ribbon and a stiff ostrich feather.

—The most fashionable jewelry at present is of oxidized silver "picked out" with beaten gold.

—The Elizabethan ruffs are assuming proportions more ponderous and awe-inspiring than ever.

—Pumps and black silk stockings with scarlet clocks are the proper things for gentlemen's full dress.

—The redingote is almost entirely to be discarded and its place taken by the double-breasted, tight-fitting polonaise.

—The Alpine hat is by no means complete without the added charm of a black cock's feather stuck in the band.

—In dress goods, the popular colors are olive brown, olive green, rose, and navy blue, the latter decidedly in the ascendant.

—Notwithstanding the fact that dresses are made smaller and shorter than previously, there is no visible reduction in the quantity of cloth used, for what is saved in one place is used in some newly introduced style.

—Peacock blue is the new color for sashes, which are now worn of the widest kind of ribbon, with long ends down to the skirt of the dress. Peacock blue is a very soft and beautiful shade.

—The latest Paris fashion of wearing the hair low on the neck is being rapidly adopted by our fashionable ladies here, and will no doubt "run" through the winter. It is not a very neat fashion, and is liable to increase the ladies' wash bills for collars.

—Kid gloves of invisible colors are in the market as novelties. They are intended to correspond with the dark costume with which they are worn. Fifty different shades are exhibited, the new "blue-black," so popular in Paris, included. Another style faces up the back of the glove, but it is too "flashy" to commend itself to ladies.

—Beautiful suits for morning, either for house or street, are made of the new dark calicoes. Those with black grounds brightened by a shell or star of yellow, or else dark blue with stripes or lightning-struck fields of white, make up most stylishly. They have the double-breasted redingote, belted, with two rows of smoked pearl buttons down the front, and a single skirt with two lapped, gathered folds.

—A lace kerchief, folded Quaker-fashion over the shoulders, and passing under the waist of low dresses, is among the favorite novelties. The prettiest neck looks prettier under a film of lace, and its beneficial effect on an ugly neck is past computing. There is a dash of coquetry in these delicate kerchiefs, that is in no wise displeasing to the average feminine mind, and they are destined to a very active existence.

## Roads and Road Making.

There are but few duties performed by town or municipal authorities which are more important than making and keeping in repair the common highways. It is a duty, we are sorry to say, sadly neglected in many sections of the country; and in some localities the matter of road making is regarded as of no importance whatever, and the working out of highway taxes, by the residents of the towns or districts, is simply a farce and a fraud. Every good citizen should feel an interest in good roads, as they contribute immensely to the comfort of traveling, and save much in the wear and tear of carriages. It is true, we must not expect in the rural districts the well-kept, solid roads of suburban towns around cities; but there is no excuse for the rocky, neglected paths which are often found, and over which it is positively dangerous to travel. If towns would attend to one point connected with their highways, that is, carefully remove, once in two weeks, during the summer, every stone which is brought to the surface by rains or drought, it would render even bad roads very comfortable. These loose stones are not only a cause of great discomfort to travelers, but also a source of intense anxiety. They put in peril life and limb, as horses are very liable to stumble in passing over them, and carriages are often broken. Try an experiment. Ride over a neglected road in the country of a mile in extent, if you have the courage; then stop at a farm-house and give the farmer a couple of dollars to pick out the stones; ride back over the pathway again, and notice how great is the change. Upon your return you can trot briskly along, with a sense of comfort and security; whereas, in passing over it previously to the removal of the loose stones, you proceeded slowly and in misery. This illustrates how cheaply and expeditiously bad roads can be improved. If every town in those sections where lands are full of small boulders would provide simply for the removal of them from the pathway as often as once in two weeks during warm weather, the roads would be more comfortable than if ten times the cost was expended in dumping on loads of sand, or plowing up roadside soil and piling it on the driveway. We hope these hints will not be lost upon those who have our common highways in charge.—Journal of Chemistry.

Cramps and pains in the stomach are the result of imperfect digestion, and may be immediately relieved by a dose of *Johnson's Anodyne Lincture*. A teaspoonful in a little sweetened water is a dose.

Heavy oats are good for horses; none will deny that; but oats can't make a horse's coat look smooth and glossy when he is out of condition. *Sheridan's Cereal Condition Powder* will do this when all else fails.

The attention of our many readers is called to the attractive advertisement of J. N. Harris & Co., advertising their great and valuable lung remedy, "Allen's Lung Balm." This Balm has been before the public for ten years. Notwithstanding this long period, it has never lost one whit of its popularity, or shown the least sign of becoming unpopular, but, on the contrary, the call for it has been constantly increasing and at no previous time has the demand been so great, or the quantity made been so large, as at this day. We earnestly recommend its trial by any one who may be afflicted with a cough or cold, and we warrant it to cure if directions are followed. It is sold by all druggists.

A PROVISIONAL MAN.—This title now justly belongs to a physician who has added to the list of medicines a new remedy, which appears to include all that is most valuable in the old pharmacopoeia, and not to include any of the drawbacks with which the so-called specifics of the Faculty are chargeable. The Provisional man is Dr. JOSEPH WALKER, of California, whose VINEGAR BITTERS have achieved, in the short space of two years, a degree of popularity never before attained by any advertised preparation in this country. We have too much confidence in the shrewdness of the American people to suppose that this sudden and surprising celebrity is the outgrowth of a delusion. Indeed, we have reason to know that it is founded on innumerable and well-authenticated cures of almost all the bodily ills that flesh is heir to. Not the least among the merits of the famous Tonic and Restorative, is its entire freedom from alcohol, as well as from all mineral drugs. It is composed exclusively of rare vegetable extracts.

Best and Oldest Family Medicine.—See *Allen's Lung Balm*—a purely Vegetable Cathartic and Tonic for Dyspepsia, Constipation, Bilious, Sick Headache, Bile's Attacks, and all derangements of Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Ask your Druggist for It. *Allen's Lung Balm*.

To Let a Cold have its own way is to assist in laying the foundation of Consumption. To cure the most stubborn Cough or Cold, you have only to use judiciously Dr. Jayne's Expectorant.

SHALLENBERGER'S PILLS FOR AGUE. Try them. A dose every other day. One dose stops the chills. Six doses effect a cure. No nausea; no purging.

## PERKINS CLOTHES WRINGER.

Thirty Years' Experience of an Old Nurse.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP is the prescription of one of the best Female Physicians and Nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years with never-failing safety and success by millions of mothers and children, from the feeble infant of one week old to the adult. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, and gives rest, health, and comfort to mother and child. We believe it to be the Best and Surest Remedy in the World in all cases of DYSENTERY and DIARRHEA IN CHILDREN, whether it arises from indigestion or from any other cause. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the face-simile of CURTIS & BROWN is on the outside wrapper.

SOLD BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.

## Children Often Look Pale and Sick.

From no other cause than having a worm in the stomach.

## BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMBIS.

Will destroy Worms without injury to the child, being perfectly white, and free from all coloring or other injurious ingredients usually used in worm preparations.

CURTIS & BROWN, Proprietors, No. 25 Fulton street, New York.

Sold by Druggists and Chemists, and Dealers in Medicines, at TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOX.

## The Household Panacea and Family Liniment.

Is the best remedy in the world for the following complaints, viz: Croup in the Lungs and Stomach, Pain in the Stomach, Dropsy of the Lungs, Rheumatism in all its forms, Bilious Colic, Neuralgia, Cholera, Dysentery, Colds, Erysipelas, Burns, Scalds, Throat, Spinal Complaints, Sprains and Bruises, Chills and Fever, For Internal and External use.

Its operation is not only to relieve the patient, but entirely remove the cause of the complaint. It penetrates and pervades the whole system, restoring healthy action to all its parts, and quickening the blood.

THE HOUSEHOLD PANACEA IS PURELY VEGETABLE AND ALL-HEALING.

Prepared by CURTIS & BROWN,

No. 25 Fulton street, New York.

For sale by all Druggists.

## THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 16, 1873.	
BEEF CATTLE—Native	\$ 8.00 @ 12.00
HOGS—Dressed	7.50 @ 8.50
LIVE	4.75 @ 5.12 1/2
SHEEP—Live	4.50 @ 6.25
COTTON—Middling—New	17 1/2 @ 17 3/4
WHEAT—Good to Choice	6.25 @ 6.35
WHEAT—Spring No. 2	1.25 @ 1.30
CORN—Western Mixed	52 @ 58
OATS—Western	52 @ 53
RYE—Western	8 @ 10
PORK—New Mess	15.75 @ 16.00
LARD	17 1/2 @ 18 1/2
ST. LOUIS.	
COTTON—Middling	\$ 17 1/2 @ 17 3/4
BEEF CATTLE—Choice	5.25 @ 5.50
Good to Prime	4.75 @ 5.00
Cows and Heifers	2.50 @ 4.00
Butcher's Stock	2.75 @ 3.75
HOGS—Live	3.80 @ 4.10
SHEEP—Live	3.50 @ 4.50
WHEAT—Choice Family	7.50 @ 8.50
WHEAT—No. 2 Fall	1.50 @ 1.55
No. 2 Spring	1.38 @ 1.40
CORN—No. 2, Mixed	42 @ 43
OATS—No. 2	35 @ 38
RYE—No. 2	48 @ 70
BARLEY—No. 2, New	1.30 @ 1.35
PORK—New Mess	14.75 @ 15.00
LARD	18 1/2 @ 18 3/4
WHEAT—Tub washed—Choice	40 @ 45
Unwashed—Medium	25 @ 30
CHICAGO.	
BEEF—Natives	\$ 4.50 @ 5.50
HOGS—Live	4.50 @ 5.00
SHEEP—Good to Choice	4.00 @ 4.10
WHEAT—White Winter Extra	5.50 @ 6.00
Spring Extra	5.00 @ 5.50
GRAIN—Wheat—Spring No. 1	1.07 @ 1.18
No. 2	1.02 @ 1.04 1/2
Corn—No. 2	35 @ 36 1/2
Oats—No. 2	30 @ 31 1/2
RYE—No. 2	40 @ 45
Barley—No. 2	1.25 @ 1.50
PORK—New Mess	14.00 @ 14.25
LARD	17 1/2 @ 17 3/4
CINCINNATI.	
WHEAT—Family	\$ 6.50 @ 7.10
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1.38 @ 1.40
CORN—No. 2	42 @ 43
OATS—No. 2	40 @ 45
BARLEY	1.30 @ 1.50
COTTON—Middling	16 1/2 @ 16 3/4
PORK—New Mess	14.50 @ 14.75
LARD	17 1/2 @ 17 3/4
MEMPHIS.	
COTTON—Low Middling	\$ 16 1/2 @ 17
WHEAT—Family	7.50 @ 8.00
CORN—New	65 @ 66
OATS—New	45 @ 47
NEW ORLEANS.	
WHEAT—Choice and Family	\$ 8.75 @ 9.75
CORN—Mixed	40 @ 45
OATS	30 @ 35
HAY—Prime	25.00 @ 27.00
PORK—Mess	16.50 @ 16.12 1/2
BAKING—Sour	8 @ 10
COTTON—Middling	17 @ 17 1/2